



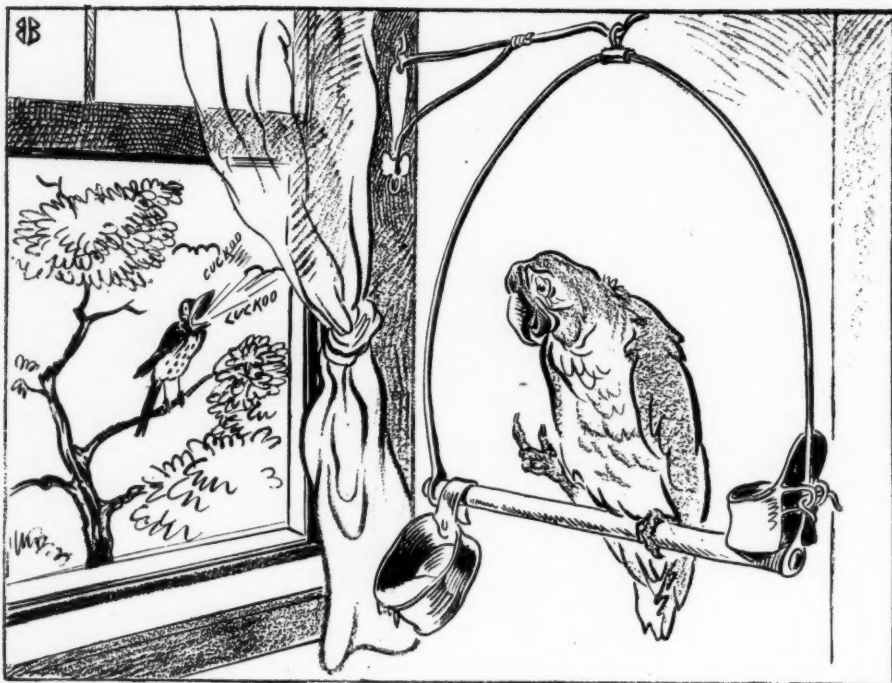
Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter



HE LIVED TOO SOON.

SHADE OF TWEED.—If I had only known enough to take *mine* that way!



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MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

PARROT (listening to Cuckoo outside).—That idiot wants repairing—he's just struck thirteen!

A SPRING IDYL.

IT WAS an ideal Spring day; the sun was shining brightly overhead, while there was about six or eight inches of mud and slush under foot. The editor of the *Ruralville Banner* had already contracted "that tired feeling," and was sitting lazily in the office-chair smoking his pipe and musing on the conditions which confront the government and wondering why it was that some of his subscribers did not pay up their arrears to the *Banner*.

Suddenly a footstep was heard outside the office-door and a man wearing spectacles entered the sanctum. The stranger was a fellow-townsmen, and was the kind of man who likes to give advice to his brothers in toil.

"How do you do?" was the greeting he gave the editor, who replied: "Sit down; have a chair.

What can I do for you to-day?"

"Well," replied the new-comer, "I've brought over a joke for you to print in your paper next week. It's just the outline and you can fix it up so it'll read all right. The funny piece is about artichoke and arti-joke," the man explained, after figuring it out on a piece of office-paper. "You can print it with brackets around the 'choke' or 'joke' part so it will be all O. K. You can say that 'the editor of our esteemed contemporary came near choking to death on one of his own artichokes (jokes).' It'll sound good to your readers, too."

Here the caller sauntered out the open doorway to talk politics with a crowd around the corner, while the *Banner* man lit his pipe, which had gone out during the late conversation, and resumed his meditations.

Edwin F. Couch.

CANDIDLY, the serpent need n't have done a thing but show Eve what the Spring styles for 1899 would be, provided she ate the apple.

TURNING THE POINT.

"Charity begins at home."

"Certainly, sir! It is preposterous to think of its beginning in the Philippines."

A SHREWD NAME.

"That new bartender at Gilt & Glitter's must be worth a mint to them."

"Why?"

"He invented a new drink for Dewey-Day that he called 'Spanish Fleet,' and, of course, everybody had to down it."

FADING.

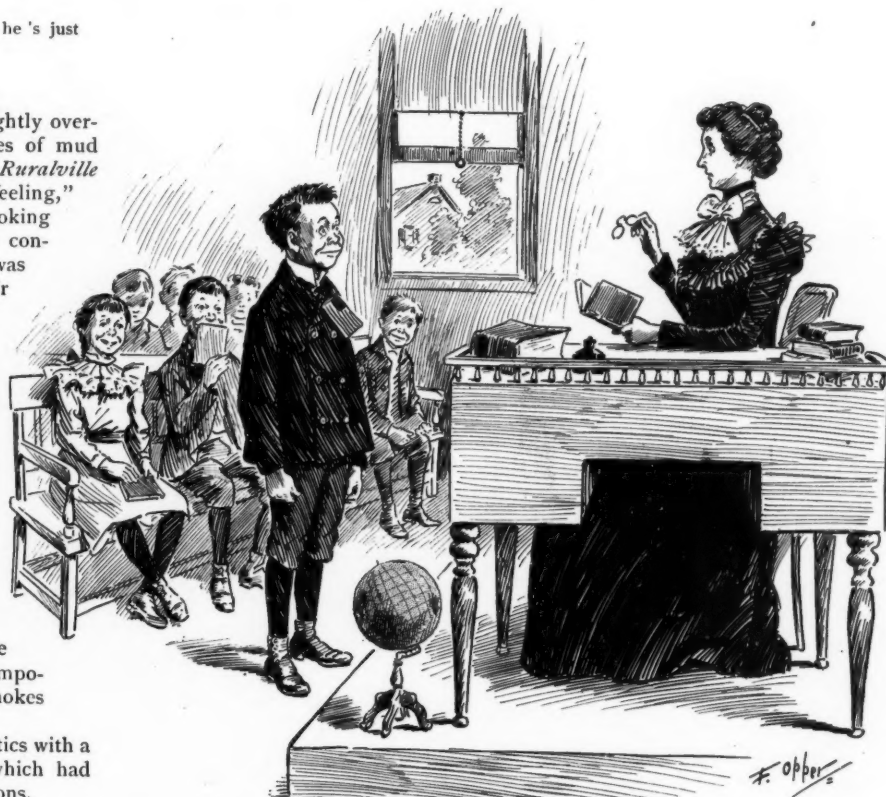
"I think some of the memories of the Spanish war are passing away."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I met a man to-day who did n't know the meaning of 'caramba.'"

DON'T GO to law unless you are prepared to stay a long time.

AGUINALDO is making history in the same sense that a punching-bag makes muscle.



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AN EYE-OPENER.

TEACHER.—Now, Robert, when was America discovered?

SCHOLAR.—The day after Dewey's victory at Manila, Ma'am.



A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

ONE DAY Dan Cupid, mischief bent,
Consulted all his necromancy
And planned a tea, and straightway sent
An invitation to Miss Nancy.
His frequent calls had been in vain;
He'd tried and tried to know her better;
He figured if he'd entertain
* She'd ask him up, because his debtor.

Of course she came. Who could resist
An invitation couched so sweetly?
The Loves, there gathered to assist,
Were overwhelmed, abashed completely.
The wafers were in shape of hearts,
The kettle held some amor essence,
With bitter-sweet from Cupid's darts,
And gave off sighs as effervescence.

So fine a time my lady had
Mid flattery and adulation,
That Master Cupid, crafty lad,
Expects from her an invitation.
When she keeps open heart for him
Who now her interest has excited,
I pray it be kind Fortune's whim
That I, who sue, be not then slighted.

Edwin L. Sabin.

HIS DIRECT AIM.

"Dar has been some complaints lately, Bruddren and Sistahs," remarked good old Parson Woolimon, before beginning the sermon upon a recent Sabbath morning, "dat now an' den I gits too p'inted in my specifications an' hits some members ob de congregation too hahd, an' it has been suggested dat I confines my shots to de debil in de future, an' quit po'in' de hot truck into my own bruddren.

"Umph-yas! Now, all de promulgation I has to agitate on de subjec' am dat when I is preachin' I aims my denunciations at de Old Boy, straight an' true; but if any pusson gits betwixt me an' de debil, cou'se an' consequently he is pow'ful liable to git hit right in a valuable spot. So, feller-sinners in dis world ob woe, if yo'-all don't want to git hurt don't go pokin' in betwixt de Pah-son an' de Prince ob Darkness. De choir will now execute deir reg'lar vocalization."

AN INFERENCE.

DICK.—Pa?

PA.—Well?

DICK.—Is an automatic toy one that won't work?

AN ADVANTAGE.

"And then," said the minister, who was preaching on eternity, "time will be no more."

"That 's good," mused the commuter in the front pew. "We won't be bothered consulting time-tables."



IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

THE CONSTABLE.—Varlet, thou hast been drinking again. For two straws I would run thee in.

THE VARLET.—Nay, good master constable, let me go home to my wife.

THE CONSTABLE.—To thy wife? Be it so! Thou shalt even choose thy own punishment.

A LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

It was half-past eleven and the young man was tired and sleepy. The night before he had been engaged in a game of penny ante, in which, after a fierce conflict lasting seven hours, he had been defeated with a loss of two dollars and seventy-five cents. But, though tired and sleepy to-night, he would not go until midnight — else there would be a row. The girl

was not one of those you have heard about who make sarcastic remarks when the young man stays too late. She was one of the kind who want him to stay as long as etiquette will permit. She was doing most of the talking.

"Some day," she observed, "you may meet some one you will like better."

He shook his head.

"If I do," he replied, dreamily, "the chances are she won't have me. I'm no lady-killer."

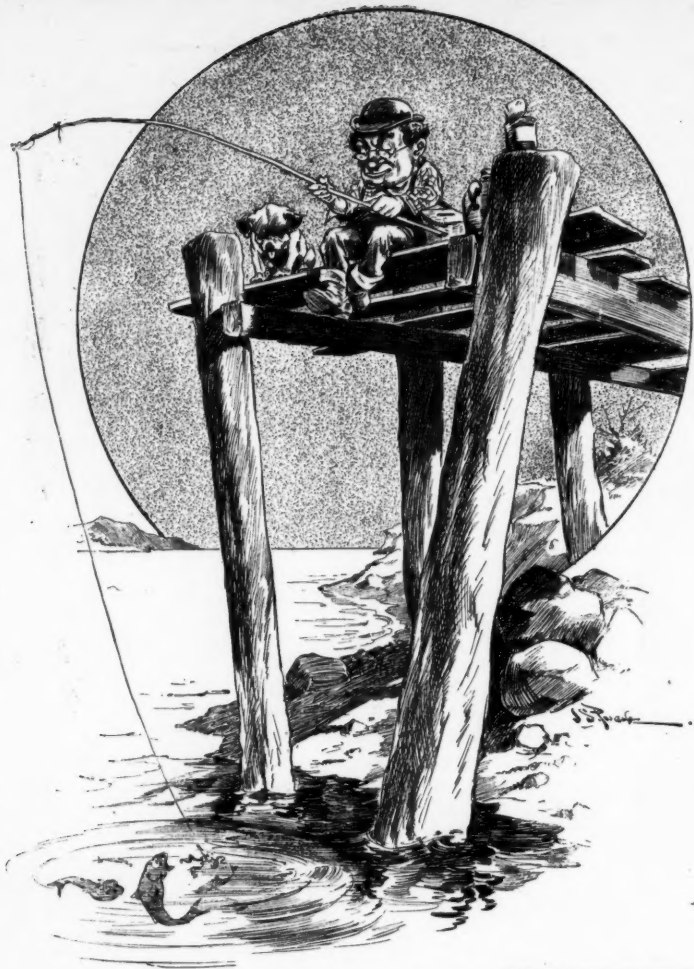
Then he awoke with a start; but the damage was done. Diplomatic relations were not resumed for a week.

WHY.

TOMMY.—Paw, why ain't a prophet honored in his own country?

PAW.—Because people grow tired of hearing him say, "I told you so!"

ALL THAT saves the professions from being overcrowded is the number of persons who could n't possibly overcrowd anything but a five-o'clock tea.



NOT A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

"After all," said the lone fisherman, "I'm glad Jones did n't come. He is n't much of a fisherman, anyhow. If he sat here for four or five hours without getting a bite he'd be tired and want to quit."

THE EVIDENCE OF WHISKERS.

Once upon a time, a farmer, setting out for the market place, shaved off the whiskers on his neck.

"For," explained he, "I shall probably blow out the gas, and I would rather it be thought I intended to commit suicide than that I did n't know any better."

This fable teaches that farmers are, after all, sensitive to ridicule.

WHEN a woman says she could forgive a man anything, she means she would even forgive his not loving her;—but she won't.

DISTINCTION.

"I am told she is one of the Four Hundred, while her husband is n't."

"Yes. Her husband made his money in trade, you know."

"How about her money?"

"Oh! she made hers by marrying."

THE TWISTING OF A SOFT JOB.

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1) PATRICK.—Th' Boss tould me as I should whale this impty barrel up t' his house. It's the softest job Oi've hod fer a month.



2) "Th' boss t'inks Oi'm wake and gives me these aisy jobs."



3) THE BOY.—Hoo! An empty barrel. Guess I can git some fun out of it, though!



4) PATRICK.—It's quare how th' loightest t'ings becomes heavier th' longer yez carry thim.



5) "Oi would niver hov belaved that a t'ing could hov got so hivy so sudden-loike."



6) "It's a good t'ing Oi've only got a half-mile t' This load be gittin' so hivy Oi'd hov to drop it."

THE USUAL COURSE.

"Of course," said the Kettle, "it is n't good form for the Pot to call me black, but if it should —"

"Well, if it should," said the Pan, which was acting as legal adviser, "you can set up a general denial."

OUR DISADVANTAGE.

With fire to fight the devil
Is what we're bidden do;—
Coal costs us ten or more a ton,
While fuel costs the de'il not one
Single, solitary sou!

SEVERELY PRACTICAL.

S. S. TEACHER.—And the leopard can not change its spots—

PUPIL.—Would it do him any good if he could?

HER ADMIRABLE MAKE-UP.

MAY.—I think Grace has a peculiarly happy disposition.

BELLE.—Why so?

MAY.—When anything troubles her she never minds people who come around saying, "Never mind!"

FINESSE.

Once upon a time the Stork called at a dwelling of Fashion.

"Perhaps," the Stork had argued, against his own misgivings, "I shall seem such a goose for so doing that I shan't be recognized!"

This fable teaches that things otherwise impossible may sometimes be achieved by finesse.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Whenever Cassandra looked earnestly into the future, the Trojans waxed derisive.

"Rubber-neck!" they shouted, or words to that effect.

Such, substantially, is ever the fate of the prophet of evil.

IT WOULD certainly be a joke if the fad for having the baby's first tooth set in a ring were to lead to a fad for having babies.

THERE IS one thing more bitter than benefits forgot, and that is benefits remembered—by the giver.

SOME PEOPLE seem to think that when they arrive at a conclusion there ought to be a

delegation of prominent citizens with a brass band waiting to receive them.

APPEARANCES

ARE deceptive;—you can't tell by looking at a newly-married couple how often they were on the point of breaking off the engagement.





7) "Here we are at lasht! Thot nearly kilt me! Now t' roll it inter th' house."



8) "Fer th' love av hivin! Filled t' th' brim wid wather!"



9) "In terror!—Thot bar'l was empty whin Oi put it on th' barrer! Niver say ony'ing 'gainst avil speerits an' witches t' me ag'in. Oi know wan mon as 'll not miss confession next Saturday noight!"

THE CHANGE.

"TIMES HAVE changed," said the old codger, with a sarcastic intonation in his voice. "I was diggin' around in the ghost of an old hair-trunk, in the bleakest and cob-webbiest corner of the garret in Aunt Hetty's house, which has stood there since—I don't know when, and mebbly even longer than that; the trunk is, likely as not, a whole lot older than the house, and in it I found a frayed and musty document that I guess prob'ly is older than the trunk."

"Anyhow, it was a memorandum of the expenses of burnin' a heretic, which bit of pleasantry a great-great-great-great-(also, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin', pretty small) second or third, or something, cousin of mine sorter engineered."

"The merry game of heretic-burnin' was evidently not a costly pastime in them good old days of yore, except, of course, for the heretic, for the memorandum says it cost nine shillin's and seven pence for ketchin' the heretic and bringin' him to Lime-rick, or wherever it was that they held the picnic; the wood to broil him with amounted to two shillin's, and a stake chain and staple, five shillin's and nine pence. Nothin' is said about the band or glee club. I s'pose they proceeded to burn him all accordin' to Hoyle, although the record don't say anything farther."

"Times have changed since then, and we no longer apply the torch to heretics. Instead, the persons who differ with, or from, as the case may be, us on religion we try to argue into seein' it our way, and failin' to con-

vince 'em or talk 'em to death, we ostracise 'em; and, then, when they are gone, we whisper that we have v-e-r-y s-e-r-i-o-u-s doubts whether or no they have not gone to the Pit of Torment for their unbelief."

CONCESSION.

"The American ambassador," announced the imperial chamberlain, perturbedly, "refuses to wear knee pants at court!"

"Ask him if he has any objection to wearing ordinary pants with bicycle clips at the ankles!" commanded the despot, who, while clinging to immemorial usage, was not indisposed to concede something to the virile democracy of the West.

EASILY NAMED.

"Some one says cooks may be divided into two classes."

"Yes; and I can name them."

"What are they?"

"Those that can't cook, and those that won't."

HIS BELIEF.

OPTIMIST.—What do you consider the greatest thing that ever happened?

PESSIMIST.—It has n't.

GASTRONOMIC PREFERENCE.

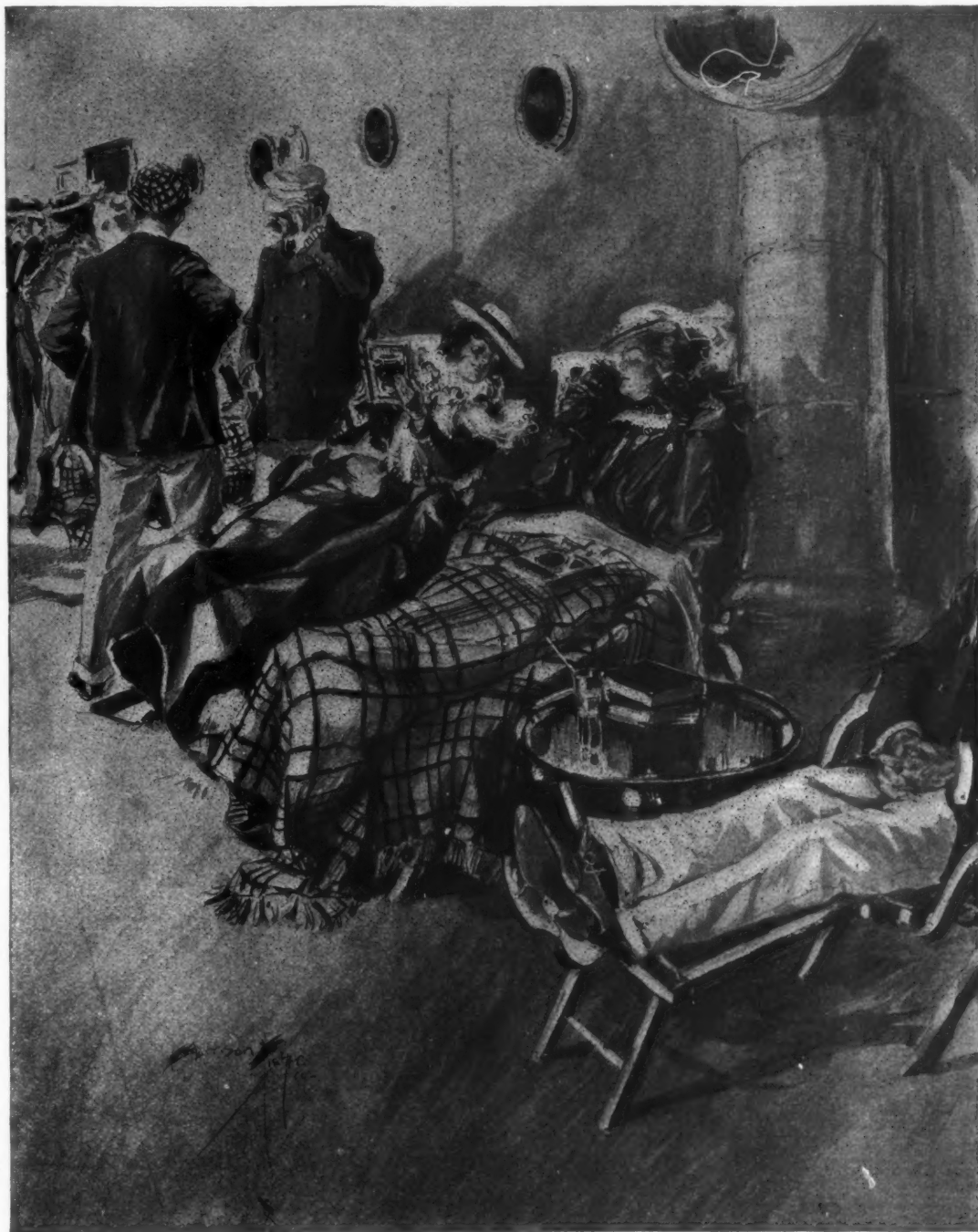
"Did you hear what Dicky said?"

"What was it?"

"He said he likes meat better than any other vegetable, except ice-cream."

ALTHOUGH ONE man's vote may be as good as another's, nevertheless various prices are paid for votes.

GREAT DEEDS make great men; after which everything they do is interesting.



A MYSTERY.

"It was only by accident I learned that Mr. Jasper had been in Europe. I never heard him talk about it." "Goodness! What did he go there for?"

THE SMALL BROTHER.



AY, we've got a letter from
Over in the Phil'pines.
Took it weeks an' weeks to come,
So you know how far *that* means —
More 'n two hundred miles, I guess.
An' my brother wrote it; he's
Fightin' there his level bes';
An' such funny things he sees.

Listen here: — he says he'll ketch
A boy Phil'pine in a tree,
An' won't hurt him, an' he'll fetch
Him alive, to play with me!
My! you bet I'll teach him tricks!
How to dance an' shake han's, an'
Shoulder arms an' carry sticks
Better 'n any monkey can.

Pa says Will was foolin' us
When he wrote; an', anyway,
He can't leave his camp. He mus'
Be in read'ness every day.
But, shucks! he's an ossifer —
He's a Corp'ral. He can sen'
Into all the forests, sir,
Lots an' lots of privates men.

Ma, she says I ought to feel
Glad if jus' himself he'll bring.
If he'll only do that she'll
Be too glad for anything.
Course, I'll be real tickled at
Hearin' what he's done an' seen —
But I want to play with that
Teeny, weeny Phil'pine.

Edwin L. Sabin.



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This gentleman is a member of the S. P. C. A.; — but
he is now wondering why he is.

SUBURBAN RESPONSIBILITIES.

MR. HERMITAGE (*of Lonelyville, leaning over the fence, enthusiastically*).—You are, perhaps, aware that chickens are subject to the same diseases as persons?

MR. ISOLATE (*doctoring his chickens, earnestly*).—Well, I should say so! My chickens keep me dead-broke about half the time buying quinine capsules for them!

A DRAMA WITH A LESSON.

"But they marry in the last act, do they not?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "It seems to be understood that they will some day, but there is no definite arrangement when."

She sighed and he took the hint.

THE RESULT.

"I once reported one of these waiters for incivility."

"How did it seem to strike the management?"

"The management seemed to think I had a good deal of nerve."

THE "GUYED" POST.

The sign-board lies beside the road,
Although it's standing straight;
It says, "five miles to so-and-so,"
When it is really eight.

IT LOOKED THAT WAY.

MISS WRINKLES.—Why, I'm just in the morning of life.

THE FRIEND.—Don't you think you're rather late getting up?

BEWARE OF imitations; especially among people!

A GENTLEMAN OF Ind.,
Had a daughter he called Mar.,
But her callers said "Oh!
We really must go!"
Whenever she played the p.

SOME GIRLS who cast their bread upon the waters think there's something wrong if it does n't come back in the shape of wedding-cake.



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POSTED.

MOTHER.—Why, don't you know what "esteem" means?

LITTLE EDITH.—Yes; that's when the young lady can't accept the gentleman.



PUCK.

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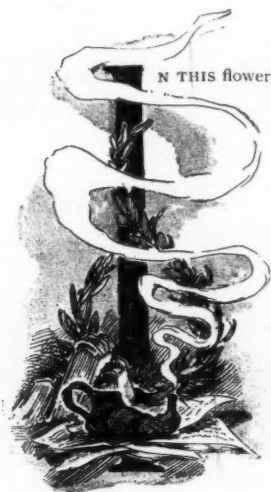
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE BOSS AND THE CITIZEN. IF THE belief of the citizen about public money could be laid bare we should see a curious thing. It is usually nebulous; but, where it has any shape at all, it is that public money is a miraculous product; that there is an inexhaustible store of it, and that it falls into the public treasuries in a shower from heaven. This is why the citizen is never very much worked up when he reads that some state or city official is grown heavy with public plunder. "Almost anyone would do the same if he had the chance," says the citizen; "and, anyway, it does n't come out of my pocket." This is a big part of the mystery of such institutions as Quay and Croker. It never occurs to the citizen that this money must have come out of *somebody's* pocket; that somebody earned it, dollar by dollar. If this ever did occur to him it would n't take him long to see that he does have to earn his share of it and does pay it out of his own pocket. Quay is possible in Pennsylvania because the citizen does not know that it is *his* money that goes to make up Quay's revenue, and that it comes out of his pocket none the less because Quay gets it in a way which the Courts have declared is not criminal. And so with Croker. Mr. Croker says he has never taken a dollar dishonestly. Probably not. Why should he? As ancient astrology to modern astronomy, as alchemy to chemistry,

so the system of official plunder in Tweed's day to that now in vogue. A Boss nowadays would be stupid indeed to do vulgar stealing. How much decenter and safer to levy tribute upon every last citizen from the lowest to the highest; not directly, of course, but through those with whom the citizen deals in every branch of our complex city life! The Boss gets his penny out of the price of every pint of beer taken home in the "growler," as well as the bigger "rake-off" from real estate sales. You help to support him when you pay your car-fare, your ice-bill, or your fifteen cents for a telephone message; and, again, when you pay your rent or your taxes. Did you think that his princely revenues came out of the clouds upon him? Wherever he goes, with what lordly suite soever, and to what end of business or pleasure, you pay the bills and fill his strong box with good hard American money that you have worked for. And you do it just the same whether you are a ditch-digger or a banker, a street-car conductor or a merchant, a bartender or a minister of the Gospel. No matter how long and devious the intermediate windings, that money which any Boss has made by reason of his Boss-ship came originally out of your pocket. And Bosses will go on leading honest but toil-free lives until you learn it.

FILIPINIACS. PUCK's centre cartoon this week was drawn for satire. It confessed frankly to exaggeration, when it was drawn. But the behavior of our Filipiniacs since then has been such that it is no longer satire. It is too near photography. It does not begin to portray the worship of these people for their idol nor their vicious attacks upon their own government. It is a sad affair, and the sympathy of sane folks should go out in fullest measure to the families and friends of these lost ones. One frantically calls upon God to smite our troops in the Philippines; another threatens to impeach the President; the editor of the *Evening Post* has anti-expanded until he must be the most contracted atom in the universe; and poor, old Senator Hoar brings Jesus Christ into his ravings in a way that makes nice people want to wear ear-muffs in his presence. And now comes the amazing rumor that some of these unfortunate beings have been doing treasonable and seditious work among our troops at Manila. It is true that this rumor has all the ear-marks of a newspaper lie, and yet these people have acted so queerly that even this might be true. Hitherto they have done no more than illustrate a certain profane but trenchant aphorism, which runs: "After all, there's no fool like a damned fool." But if they have really done what they are accused of doing, they have been allowed out of the asylum too long.



ULTRA VIRES.

IN THIS flower of time many are the men
Can not turn a rhyme with a poet's pen.

Can not well compose a rondeau to the rose,
Nor a lofty verse worth a lowly curse.

Though they quaff the wine underneath the light,
Though they sit alone deep into the night,

Can not write an ode, *chanson à la mode*,
Epic, lyric, sonnet, dirge or palinode.

Worthy people, too; wise and well to do.
Wise and well to do? Far beyond it, too.

Kings of trade and dollars, preachers, statesmen, scholars,
People all the rage, philosopher and sage;

Judges of the gown, cardinals of the hat,
Professors, too, of English (will you think of that)?

All of them at once all on verse intent,
Appointed on a Board by the President,

Of a song of Burns with its smiles or tears,
Could n't write a line in a thousand years.

Williston Fish.

INVESTIGATION POSTPONED.

"Do you know just where Samoa is?"
"Not yet. I intend to look it up if the controversy gets any hotter."

POSSIBLY.

"I suppose 'disremember' is Tammany Hall for 'don't remember?'"
"Perhaps it's Tammany Hall for 'none of your business!'"

THEIR FUNCTION.

"Well, the Republican pot and the Democratic kettle are at it again."
"Of course. Between them they manage to keep the public in hot water."



LOST.

MOTHER (coming suddenly into the store-room).—William, what does this mean?
WILLIAM. — Why, I've lost my slate-pencil, and I've been looking for it everywhere and can't find it!



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SOME OTHER GIRL.

CHAPPIE.—The fortune teller said I was to marry soon! What do you think of that?

MISS PEACHLY.—You can't prove it by me!

THE BLACK PICTURE OF THE RED COW.

"USTAH THINK I cud make a purty good picture of a horse—when I was a boy—to school. In school, b'gosh! I ustah think I cud make a picture of a horse—ur a cow. M-yeah! They was a boy 't cud make horses' heads—ur a hull horse, 'n' I set behind him, 'n' that 's the way I learnt. M-yeah! B'gosh! don't know where he learnt. Guess he tuck to it nat'ral. He wa' n't such a awful smart feller—went off up to Napoleon county aft'ards—but come to makin' horses he was—wuh! 'bout the best hand at it 't I ever see. B'gosh! he was good.

"Sometimes he 'd make the ears fust, 'n' sometimes he 'd make the neck fust—ur the mane; or, mebbe, b'gosh! he 'd make the fetlocks fust. He 'd make the fir'est-lookin' horses I ever see. Never

'd make a common-lookin' horse—all on 'em fir'y, 'n' their eyes abungin' out, b'gosh! 'n' their legs acrookin' out that way 'n' this, like a horse's legs does; 'n' hine legs 'n' fore legs diffurunt, just as they be, fu ever noticed. Gosh! but he 'd put the ginger into 'em. He was terrible good at it; 'bout the best I ever see.

"'N', gosh! I thought 'f I cud ever draw like that! 'N', b'gosh! I kep' at it till, b'gosh! I cud draw like it, 'n' a darn sight better, b'gosh! I drawed purty good them days. I cud draw. Oh! I cud n't draw so dum good, but still I could draw pretty dum good. No; course I cud n't draw nothin'—was n't no drawer—still I was purty good at it—draw 'bout anythin'.

"B'gosh! Sam Camel, when Old Bill Camel moved in here fum up to the Forks of the River, Sam showed me how to make a cow. He cud make a cow—awful good. Gosh! he was an awful good hand at it. He cud make a cow 't was a cow, b'gosh! 'n' a rattler, too! 'Bout the best hand I ever see. M-yeah. Terrible good. Gol! but he was a rattler at it! He 'd take fust and throw a kind of half-circle fur the horns, 'n' then a couple ears clost to 'em, 'n' the rest was pretty much like a horse. Wi, no; 't wan't so much of a trick to make a cow, not fer a feller 't cud make a horse good.

"Oh! I don't know zi cud draw so terrible good; still I cud draw

purty dum good. I got so I did n't hev to take a back-seat fer ary boy what come to school. I cud draw a turkey so 's you 'd know 't wa'n't a hen.

"'N' there was a deaf-'n'-dumb feller come through here; b'gosh! I guëss he come clear from Cleveland, a-makin' likenesses with this here Inja ink fer five dollars apiece, each. He 'd go in a store an' make a picture of some man on some wrappin' paper, an' it ud look so nat'ral with the man's fur cap on, like as not, that folks would inquire around and find out the feller could draw, 'n' he 'd get a job makin' a picture of somebody.

"B'gosh! so some of the fellers 'round Bolivar Johnson's old store to the Corners was tellin' him about me, 't I cud make a horse ur a cow ur anythin', an' they was askin' him if I had n't ought to get lessons. B'gosh! they was crackin' me up good. 'N' my brother Sol, he was there that day, 'n' the deaf-'n'-dumb feller says to have me come down the follerin' Wednesday. I think 't was a Wednesday ur a Friday—w'en he 'd finished a likeness 't he was goin' to make of Old Uncle Baker,—'n' he says fer me to make a picture of some of our stock—horses ur cattle—'n' bring her down 'n' he 'd tell what I better do.

"B'gosh! that was good enough fer me. I went out with a sheet of paper 'n' a crackin' good pencil I hed, 'n' I set to it 'n' made a cow; copied her off our red cow, jes' as the deaf-'n'-dumb feller said. Wuh, no, I cud n't say that lookin' at a cow helps a feller 't once knows how to make a cow, but I done it. Made a thunderin' good picture, too, b'gosh! a terrible good picture; 'n' 't wa'n't so crackin' good, nuther.

"I tuck it down to the Corners the day the deaf-'n'-dumb feller was comin' there agin, 'n' I showed my picture jes' made with a black pencil on writin'-paper. 'T was a Saturday, 'n' everybody was aroun'. B'gosh! I wanted the deaf-'n'-dumb feller to say it was purty good.

"He kep' a-lookin' at it an' studyin' on it. 'I did n't care what he said about it. I knowed I could draw all right. An' I did n't claim to draw none, anyhow. He did n't get more 'n a look at it till he tuck a piece of black chalk, an' wrote out, 'It 's a Cow.' Everybody was crowdin' up, an', b'gosh! I guess they see I cud draw some, after all. An' the feller wanted to know if I copied it off a reg'lar live cow. 'Yes,' I says; 'I copied it off a reg'lar cow.' An' then the feller writes out under the picture, 'A Red Cow.' They wa'n't nary red line nur 'red nuthin' 'bout the picture nuther to give him the idee. B'gosh! they did n't know what to make of it. An' Ellis gentleman wrote out and ast him, 'How do you know it 's a red cow?' An' the deaf-'n'-dumb feller says, 'I knowed it was a red cow, all right. Red cows is the best-natered cows they is. Been ary other kind of cow 't would 'a' killed him.'"

Williston Fish.



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A CLEVER IDEA.

SMALL BOY.—Say, Mister Editor, would yer please put dis piece inter yer paper ter-morrer morning, saying a long-fergotten uncle uv mine has jiss died up in de Klondike and left me fifty million dollars in gold nuggets? Put it in on de front page and make about two columns out uv it—an' put in a imaginary picture uv me uncle—I got ter umpire a ball-game ter-morrer afternoon and wants ter be treated respectful!

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.

Sourcasm is the vinegar of conversation. (Don't this sound like it was said by Emerson?)

I b'lieve soldiers make more angels than missionaries do.

"Huh!" said Pa, after he 'd read the account of the big hotel fire in New York; "it does beat the world how people will lose their heads. Here I've read the whole sixteen columns of it, and I'm just as c-a-l-m!"

I'd never know that Bob Bunce was cross-eyed at all since he saved me from drownin' last Summer.

It's a funny world where a feller can't be a hero 'thout gettin' into danger.

The dictionary is just a big catalogue that you order words out of and deliver 'em yourself.

I'm real proud that I'm an American; but nobody seems to care very much.

Potery is the "White Man's Burden," I guess. If't ain't, what are all the potes tryin' to get folks to take it up for?

David Henry.

A TALE OF WARM AFFECTION.

To wed the girl who was his flame
Was what the spark desired;
He told about his burning love,
And then got promptly fired.

AN INSTANCE.

SHE.—Do you honestly believe that we women have such a failing for anything that is reduced?

HE.—Well, there is Miss Antique, whose age is twenty-three—reduced from thirty-eight.

DON'T EVER doubt that the world will be ready to listen to you when you can entertain it.

EGOTISM IS mighty good company for itself, at any rate.



DEPTH.

MR. HOWSON LOTT.—Bah! City life is all on the surface;—there is no depth to it.

MR. HARLEM FLATTE (on a visit, between his teeth).—Well, there is certainly plenty of depth to a suburban life.

Jenkinson's STOGIES

A BOX OF 100
FOR \$1.50 . . .

Express Prepaid.

Strangers in Pittsburg are amazed to see everybody, high and low, rich and poor, smoking Stogies. Because Stogies cost but little, people think they must be a cheap imitation of a smoke.

It is hard to get that idea out of a smoker's head. The only way to do it is to get him to try the Stogies. That settles it.

When we get a man, by means of our money-back offer, to try our Stogies, we figure that we have made one more steady customer. We figure just right.

Any man who likes tobacco likes a good cigar. Any man who likes a good cigar will like our Stogies.

They are made of all kinds, grades, colors of tobacco, just as cigars are, and are sorted and graded just as cigars are. They are cleaner and more wholesome than cigars because the tobacco is cleansed and freed from dust by a thorough process of our own.

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Try our famous "Standard Hand-Mades" at our risk. They will cost you \$1.50 for a box of 100. We will pay you \$1.50 for 90 of them if they fail to please.

Say whether you want them light, medium or dark.

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It is true that God can use any tool, but He would rather use a keen one.—Ram's Horn.

SOME men are long-headed and narrow-hearted.—Ram's Horn.

LAST PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR TO WASHINGTON VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The last of the present series of Pennsylvania Railroad three-day personally-conducted tours to Washington, D. C., will be run on May 11. The rate, \$14.50 from New York, \$11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, includes transportation, hotel accommodations, and Capitol guide fees. An experienced Chaperon will also accompany the party.

For itineraries, tickets, and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad St., Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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A glass before retiring—of
JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT—
Gives Refreshing Slumber.

AMBITIOUS MAIDEN.—It's just too mean for anything! The editor sent my beautiful and pathetic story back without reading it.

FOND MOTHER.—Dearie me! How do you know?

AMBITIOUS MAIDEN.—I've looked all through every page and there is n't a tear-drop anywhere.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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Holds the List of the
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CHRIST is more than a fire-escape.—*Ram's Horn.*

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!



C. J. Taylor

TOO MUCH FOR THEM.

COLLEGE STUDENT.—How did you come to lose the game?
CAPTAIN, *Varsity Nine*.—Why, their pitcher and catcher had a set of signals that we could n't possibly understand or get on to;—they kept calling out to each other in Latin, you know!



THE BEST KNOWN WHEEL...

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WESTERN WHEEL WORKS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

When a company appears at "popular" prices, it is a sign that there is something the matter with the show. —*Atchison Globe.*

It's all right for charity to begin at home, but it ought to get as far as the neighbors, by-and-by.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.40, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

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Pickings from Puck, No. 31
Price 25 Cents.

HIS QUERY.

"Some day," said the high-browed young man, "I expect to have the world at my feet."

"What have you been doing all this time," snarled the cynic, "walking on your hands?"—*Washington Star.*

THE BACHELOR'S IDEA.

FRANK.—Uncle Singleton, at what age is it appropriate for a young man to begin presenting jewelry to his sweetheart?

HIS UNCLE (*gruffly*).—Dotage, my boy.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

AN IRREGULAR INCOME.

"What is the compensation of a member of your State legislature?"

"They ain't any fixed sum," answered Farmer Cornloss, morosely. "It depends a good deal on whether there's any deadlock or not."—*Washington Star.*

Knowledge differs from Experience. You may know all about

BETWEEN THE ACTS LITTLE CIGARS

but have you ever tried them yourself? Do you know how desirable they really are—how good they are—how economical they are—how convenient they are—how satisfactory they are? You can begin to know for 10c., which will buy 10 at any store. You can know—once for all—by having sufficient experience with 50, which we will send for 50c.—delivered free.

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MANHOOD is the greatest profession.—*Ram's Horn.*

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"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

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We are so anxious to make a living we have forgotten how to live.—*Ram's Horn.*

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RODERICK DHU
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It's a small man who is always wrapped up in himself.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

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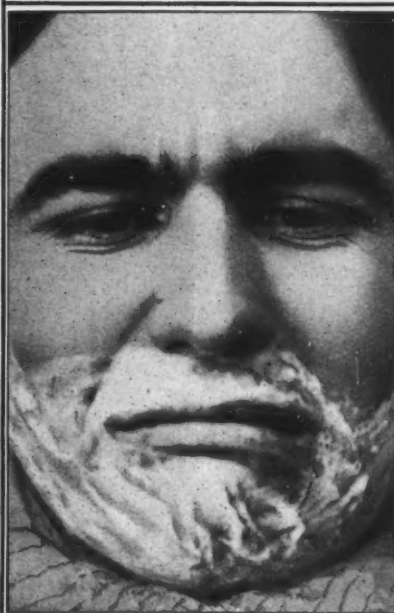
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This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.



This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

DON'T be persuaded to buy something represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, and a little cheaper." The dealer may make a trifle more, but you'll be sad. Instead of the Big, Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SOOTHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the face, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chances are that you'll get one of the thin, frothy, quick-drying kinds that dull the razor and leave your face parched and drawn and smarting, if nothing worse.

It DON'T PAY to take chances on SHAVING SOAP. 99 out of every hundred men will tell you that Williams' are the ONLY PERFECT shaving soaps.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
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The officers in the American Navy who were educated at Annapolis are not only educated to be soldiers, but to be gentlemen. An officer on the "Olympia," now at Manila, sent to Boston the other day for a pair of the old reliable "Boston Garters." He knew the feeling of "caste" which wearing them gives.

HER IMPRESSION.

"We'll do Holland thoroughly," he said, as he looked over the map, to arrange the honeymoon trip; we'll see all those old towns with the queer names, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Zaandam, Veendam—"

"Harold!" she interjected in a tone of horror, "what is the matter with you? Has the excitement gone to your head and made you think that you are General Eagan?"—*Washington Star.*

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

MRS. DE FASHION.—What perfectly horrible creatures these Chinese are! I am told that in China the men actually buy their wives.

MRS. DE STYLE.—Yes; is n't it horrible? By the way, when is your daughter to marry Mr. Bullion?

MRS. DE FASHION.—Just as soon as he recovers from his last attack of gout. —*New York Weekly.*

FEMININE LOGIC.

"That's a lovely new silk waist you have, my dear. What did it cost?"

"Fourteen dollars. Is n't it cheap? George said I might have it if he won his election bet."

"How much did he win?"

"Seven dollars."

"But the waist cost fourteen."

"Yes, I know. The extra seven will teach George the folly of betting." —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

THE FARMER.—Did n't I tell ye what ye'd get the next time I caught ye?
TOMMY.—W-Well, it's Jim's fault. He said he did n't think you'd catch us.

Indigestion gives way to the potent power of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Renewed strength and vigor follow the use of the genuine. Grocers and druggists.

A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone.

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GOOD WINE IS A GOOD FAMILIAR
CREATURE.

LET US MAKE YOU FAMILIAR WITH
THE LABEL OF THE BEST GOOD WINE

RUINART CHAMPAGNE



Vin Brut.

Ruinart père & fils.
Reims, France.

ROOSEVELT & SCHUYLER, Sole Agents for the United States & Canada.

HO! STAND TO YOUR GLASSES STEADY
TIS HERE WE HAVE FOUND A PRIZE.



The King can drink the
best of wine,
So can I;
He hath enough when he
would dine,
So have I;
Then where's the differ-
ence, pray tell me,
Between My Lord,—the
King—and me?

**Arnold
Constable & Co.**
Laces.

Lace and Net Robes and Draperies.
Point de Gene, Point Venise and Renaissance
Lace All-Over.
Embroidered Taffetas, Mousselines,
Tucked and Plaited Silks.
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Parasols.

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OF THIS YEARS AGO"

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HIS LOSS.

FIRST BURGLAR.—I lost a cool hundred on Lobster Salad,
yesterday, at the track.

SECOND BURGLAR.—Yer did?

FIRST BURGLAR.—Yes;—I held up a dude in Weehawken,
and all he had on him was a pool-ticket on Lobster Salad for a
cool hundred.

PARAGRAPH POINTERS FOR PROGRESSIVE PARENTS.

TO BE STUDIED FOR THE COLLEGE VACATION.

If a boy.

I. Don't talk about the foot-ball
nine. You show your ignorance and
incur your boy's disdain. Better ask
him if his allowance is large enough.

II. Never ask your son who the
valedictorian is in his class. You
may interrupt some valuable foot-
ball information; and the chances
are that he does n't know, anyway.

III. On no account mention the
subject of examinations. Even if he
has n't passed them all, be thankful
he is n't dropped. If he has passed
all, you may be sure he'll mention
it.

IV. Don't offer your son's friend
a cigar; he'll take one, anyway.
Have the weeds set out in handfuls,
not in the box. He'll take fewer.

V. Never tell your son that his
friend seemed an intelligent fellow.
Call him a "great boy," and say
that you "bet he knows a thing or
two!"

VI. Should a few of your son's
"little" accounts be presented to
you, make no comment. Pay them
promptly and look happy. A college
education costs something. It is also
poor taste to inquire after the gold
watch which was his birthday pre-
sent. You will be privileged to get
that out later.

VII. At the end of the vacation
give your boy no advice for the com-
ing term. Give him a check, in-
stead. He'll remember it longer.

If a girl.

I. Don't talk at all. She'll do it
all; and more, too. You will find
the two principal subjects to be dress
and culture. I would n't attempt the
latter. Let the mother fight it out
along the line of the former.

II. Never ask your daughter who
the most popular girl in college is,
because she probably hates her. Ask
who the most brainy is. You see,
the brainy kind are safe with men
around.

III. On no account mention do-
mestic happenings. If you have a
new cook, or your maid has eloped
with the iceman, you only mildly
interest the college girl. Talk the
Greek drama, or how Milly Howard
has thrown down Fred Jenkins.

IV. Don't smoke when your
daughter has a college friend in the
house. Instead, call for a Chopin
sonata after dinner, if you hear she's
musical. If she is n't, be thankful
and chew preserved ginger.

V. Never style your girl's friend
"pretty" or a "nice little thing."
Say that she "impressed you as pos-
sessing tremendous reserve force."

VI. Should the bills, resulting
from your daughter's vacation ex-
ploits in shopping, reach you at the
breakfast table, don't open them.
When you get where you can ex-
press yourself in untrammelled figures
of speech, you may comment. You
will pay them promptly, after re-
flecting that she has your wife's
backing. Also never ask her if
they're "right." Just pay them.

VII. Let your wife give all the
advice when your girl leaves for col-
lege. The best you can do is to
buy the ticket and a box of caramels.
Don't venture on chewing-gum, un-
less you are certain what flavor she
likes.

Larkin G. Mead.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial
effects of the well known remedy,
SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate
the value of obtaining the liquid laxa-
tive principles of plants known to be
medicinally laxative and presenting
them in the form most refreshing to the
taste and acceptable to the system. It
is the one perfect strengthening laxa-
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dispelling colds, headaches and fevers
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to overcome habitual constipation per-
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every objectionable quality and sub-
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liver and bowels, without weakening or
irritating them, make it the ideal
laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs
are used, as they are pleasant to the
taste, but the medicinal qualities of the
remedy are obtained from senna and
other aromatic plants, by a method
known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP
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effects and to avoid imitations, please
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The
Original

**Pepsin
Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

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No. 31.
25 Cents. 25 Cents.

**ARROW
BRAND** 2
FOR
25¢

"MEYRICK"
The Extreme of Style

QUETT, PEABODY & CO
MAKERS

AT THE DENTIST'S.



'VE HAD a holler tooth filled, an'
I did n't yell a mite;
The dentis' called me "little man" —
Tho' onct I tried to bite.
But I wuz boun' to stan' it, for
Pa said: "Now, Jimmy, lad,
Perten' you 've been away to war
And you 've got wounded, bad."

The dentis' said: "That cav'ty
Can't be fixed up too quick;"
A teeny mirror helped him see
Upon a weeny stick!
He stretched my mouth, I guess a mile;
So, gee! I nearly died;
For, my! I could n't swaller while
He wuz at work inside!

An' then he dug an' dug an' dug —
But what I hated wuz
The thing I call a "doodle bug;"
'Cause, sakes! but it can buzz!
He 'd put that in, an' whir an' whir
Till it wud feel red-hot —
I don't want more of that; no, sir!
Sh'd say I 'd rather not.

An' even when he did n't touch
A place that hurt a bit,
Somehow it hurt me jus' as much,
Since I wuz 'spectin' it.
But when he got the malgum stuff
All wadded in an' flat,
I said: "Oh, pooh! I 'm pretty tough!
I 've stood lots more 'n that!"

Edwin L. Sabin.

A SLOW PROCESS.

BRIGGS.— Sinkerly tells me he is a yellow journalist.
GRIGGS.— He must have been one for some time.
BRIGGS.— Why?
GRIGGS.— It takes some time before a man will acknowledge it.

APPROPRIATE.

FIRST CITIZEN.— Some people consider the violet our national flower.
SECOND CITIZEN.— H'm! The modest violet?

HE DREW THE LINE.

FIRST ACTOR.— Oh, no! I could never stand that!
SECOND ACTOR.— What's the trouble?
FIRST ACTOR.— Why, here's an offer of an engagement in a realistic war play, and they want me to eat real embalmed beef!

DID N'T WANT TO GET MIXED.

"Malietoa Tanu is the king we're backing, and Mataafa is on the other side."
"I'll try to remember that. I'd hate to find myself growing enthusiastic over the wrong man."



WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM.

PATSY.— Dat cop looks as if he slept in his clothes!
MICKEY.— I guess he does! My dad's threatened to lick him de first time he ketches him wid his uniform off!

"There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak."

POCKET PHOTOGRAPHY



Put a
Kodak
in your
Pocket.

becomes simple and easy with a Kodak. The Kodak system does away with heavy, fragile, glass plates and cumbersome plate holders, using non-breakable film cartridges which weigh but ounces where plates weigh pounds. Kodaks can be loaded and

unloaded in broad daylight.

KODAKS \$5.00 to \$35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogues free of dealers or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y.

Rambler
BICYCLES
\$40

WE FEEL THAT NOTHING MORE NEED
BE SAID OF 1899 RAMBLERS

Agencies Everywhere

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York,
Brooklyn, Detroit, Cincinnati, Buffalo,
Cleveland, London, Eng.

Brown Saddles

represent the
highest
perfection
of the art of
saddle
building.

They are hand-made
and a very superior
article. Write for booklet.

The Brown Saddle Company,
ELYRIA, Ohio.



Columbia Hartford and Vedette BICYCLES.

These machines are acknowledged everywhere as leaders. An excess of competition has not weakened their hold upon the public.

NEW MODELS.

Chainless,	\$75
Columbia Chain,	50
Hartfords,	35
Vedettes,	\$25, 26

A limited number of Columbia, Models 45, 48 and 49 (improved), and Hartfords, Patterns 7 and 8, at greatly reduced prices.

SEE OUR CATALOGUE.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

THE REAL THING.

The hand that rocks the cradle
May rule the world; but, still,
The hand that keeps things going
Is the hand that pays the bill.

— L. A. W. Bulletin.

Travelers should know that Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters neutralizes impurities in water and corrects stomach troubles.

WORLD RENOWNED BATH AND HEALTH RESORT

OPEN ALL THE
YEAR ROUND

Celebrated Brine
Springs 55° R.

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NEAR THE RHINE

Unequalled Success in curing Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatic, all Complaints of the Joints, Nerves, Stomach and Intestines, as well as all diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

Prospectus free. Apply to the
Management of the Bath

CALL FOR

Red Top Rye

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS,
Distillery,
Davies Co., Ky.
Cincinnati, O.
St. Joseph, Mo.

"BUILT TO FIT THE TASTE."

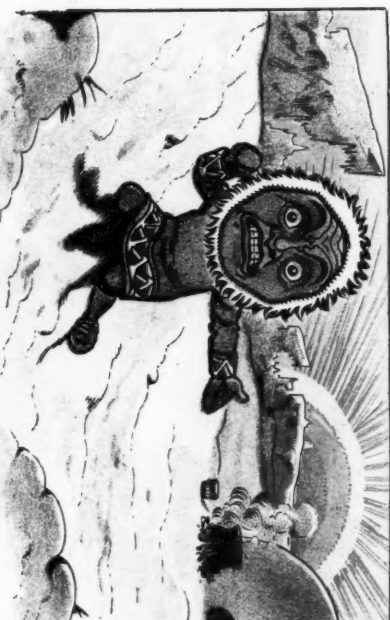
PUCK.



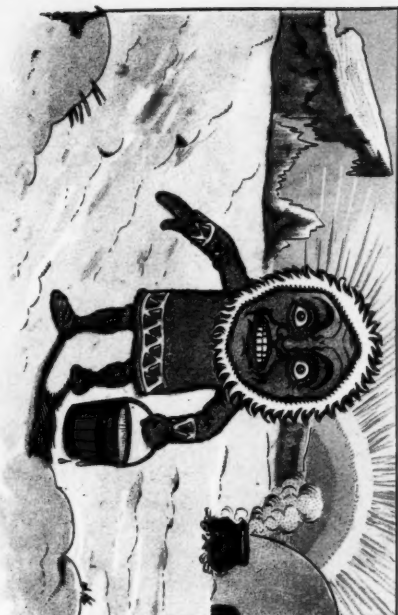
THE LOVER.—Ah! my fair Aurora Borealis! I know thy father forbade me to come nigh unto thee. Still, might can keep me from thee. Come, sit down in this hollow and no one will perceive us.



"Oh, bliss! Oh, joy! To clasp thee in my fond embrace for a short half hour! We are safe here, darling. No one can see us from your abode."



THE RIVAL.—Fish Oil and Whale Bone! Locked in my rival's arms! By the Great Northern Lights! If her father could only see them I would be revenged! How can I keep them there until he comes back? Ha! ha! I have it! There is a large cauldron of water. I'll fix them!



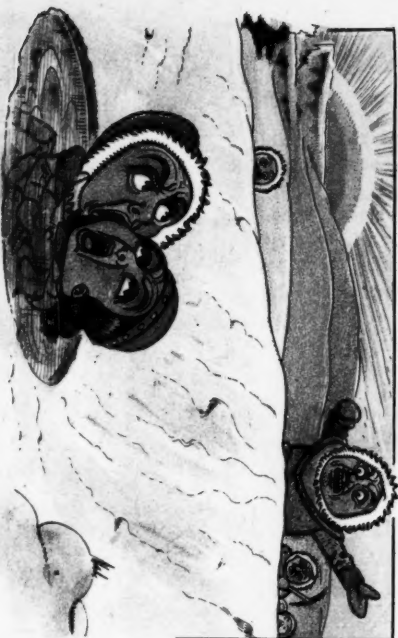
"Now, if this does n't freeze before I can pour it down on them, my plan will win!"



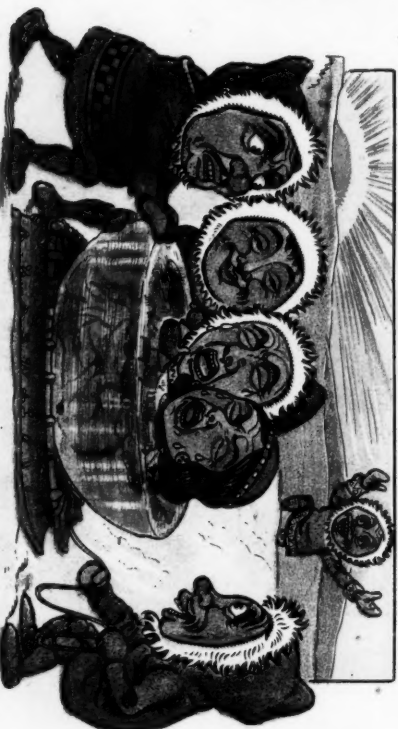
"Just as I had hoped! They are so utterly oblivious to all but love they do not notice the water."



"The water has frozen! They are caught! Here comes her father and his men. Now for my revenge!"



HER FATHER.—Ho! ho! Ha! ha! This is the time I caught you! Ho! my men! Come with your picks and spades!



"There! they are out! Now, all together, put them on the sledge. Good! Now for the house!"



"Now while you are thawing out, I will say this: that when I come to think of it, a young fellow who freezes to a girl like that deserves to have her. Bless you, my children! Bless you!"

HELD FAST.—A ROMANCE OF THE FROZEN NORTH.